

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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## The Printer.

BY EDWARD J. O'REILLY.

What a wonderful being the printer is,  
With his types singing 'click, click, click';  
As in mental arrangement he places them  
In that handfull of knowledge his 'click-  
Though the news he would publish an an-  
xious world  
Bring sickness, and sorrow, and pain,  
Philosopher-like, he will follow his toil,  
With a temperate heart and brain!

Alas! his toil is an empire's decay,  
With its Nineveh ruins and fate,  
As a banquet of Divs, or Lazarus' death  
In sorrow and rage, at his gate.  
His ignominious 'case,' with its atoms of mind,  
From their chaos of destiny cease.  
As he gives them an Eastern conqueror's power  
To bring either passion or peace.

See his 'copy' there of that murderous deed,  
Committed when reason had reigned;  
O'er a heart who, though holding fraternity's  
creed,  
Now with treason to brotherhood's stained;  
And he reads of that horrible action of blood  
With no pause, nor a tear in his eye.  
Though all else may believe the earth out  
of its course  
Till the chain-bound assassin shall die.

On the desolate plain, in the midnight hour,  
The wail of the lost ascends,  
And its echo dies to the printer's ear  
Ere it meets the dearest of friends;  
But he heralds no leadership in grief,  
Nor his labor of sorrow leaves,  
Though a thousand of the loved forms of  
earth  
May slumber in ocean grave.

The news of the fall of the 'iron horse'  
Through the fondest prairie wild,  
With the sacrifice of blood and life—  
Sad tribute to Progress' child—  
Is viewed by him with no wondering gaze,  
Though a mother's life may have fled  
When the ominous types, with mourning  
bound,  
Proclaimed her dear child was dead.

The fame of a virtuous maiden may rest  
In the path of the type he may take;  
And his toil in the morn shall gladden one  
heart,  
While another's life is to break.  
And a studied ambition—the offspring of  
years—  
Though encompassing ages to come,  
When charged by a night's single master of  
types,  
May bow to the 'Capulets' tomb!

His toil, with a sarcasm worthy the art,  
Proclaims he has riches untold—  
He may finger some billion of dollars (in  
type)  
But, alas! not a dollar in gold!  
And with a presumption, but just in a saint,  
A 'devil,' might changed but in size,  
Believes he is poor (which is true) but that  
he  
Will be rich (what a lie!) in the skies.

Then all hail to his art!—'tis the bright  
beaming sun,  
Which enlightens humanity's soul,  
And brings both the prince and the peasant  
alike  
Under reason's celestial control.  
Beware of your misdeeds, ye armor'd in gold,  
And ye poor, as an infant at birth,  
For his slanderous types, though uncurrent  
in heaven,  
May blacken your fame upon earth.

"I am afraid that you do not practice  
self-denial," said a parson to a pretty mis-  
lately "Nay, but I do," said she, "for every  
day I fall in with pretty young men whom  
I want to kiss me most sedly; but I deny  
myself that pleasure."

"Patric, you fool, what makes you  
stare after that rabbit, when yer gun has got  
no lock on it?" "Hush! hush! my darlint,  
the rabbit don't know that."

## Spoon Fashion.

NEARLY a dozen years ago, I was on my  
return to the old homestead in the good  
State of Connecticut, having just completed  
my studies as a student of Medicine; in  
company with a goodly number of people, I  
stopped for the night at a country inn in  
the town of B——, not being able to re-  
sume my journey until a late hour the next  
day. Having always been an admirer of  
the country, I was not dissatisfied with the  
arrangement, and my pleasure was en-  
hanced by finding at the well-laid supper table two  
young ladies of surpassing loveliness, the  
younger of whom I thought the most be-  
witching little creature in existence.

The ladies were accompanied by a young  
gentleman about my own age, with whom I  
could not but feel considerably annoyed. He  
not only engrossed all their attention, but  
lucky dog as he was, seemed determined that  
no other person should participate in the  
amusement. An offer of some little delicacy  
by myself to the younger of the two ladies,  
by a nice sort of politeness on his part that  
effectually chilled any further attempt at in-  
timacy, was rejected. I soon left the table;  
but I could not drive the image of the lovely  
being I had just left from my mind. Some-  
thing whispered that we should become ac-  
quainted at some future time, but, in the in-  
terval, I felt more than usually uneasy. I  
longed to be not only an intimate acquain-  
tance but accepted lover; and had I been  
possessed of all the wealth of Cæsar, I  
would unhesitatingly have poured it in her  
lap.

In the excitement under which I was then  
laboring, I thought a walk might do me good;  
but on opening the door for that purpose I  
found the night had set in as dark as Erebus,  
and, being an entire stranger, there was no  
knowing what mischief I might encounter;  
so I made up my mind to compromise the  
matter by taking up my candle and going  
to bed.

I retired; but for a long time I rolled and  
tossed about sadly; now, one plan by which  
I might make the acquaintance of the  
young lady would suggest itself, and then  
another, until, at last, I found myself in a  
state of dreamy languor, neither fairly asleep  
nor quite awake.

I fancied I had heard, for the last few mo-  
ments, a sort of light bustle going on near  
my bed, but it gave me no uneasiness until  
some one sprang into the bed, clasping her  
arms about me, whispered:

"Light how dreadful cold it is, to be sure!  
I say, Julia, we shall have to lay spoon fash-  
ion, or else we shall freeze!"

Here was an incident. What to say, or  
how to act, was a question not easily solved.  
At last I mustered courage enough to ejacu-  
late: "Dear Madam, here is some mistake;  
I'm!"

The lady did not wait for me to say any  
more. With a sharp, quick scream, she  
sprang from the bed and bolted from the  
apartment. I was wondering what the  
deuce it could all mean, when a servant  
brought a lamp into my room, and picked  
up what ladies' apparel she could find about  
the premises, and left the apartment. You  
can believe, gentlemen, that my slumbers  
or that evening were far from quiet.

In the morning I know not how it was  
but I was vividly impressed with the idea  
that my nocturnal visitor was one of the two  
ladies who had supped with me the evening  
previous, but which I could not conjecture  
I resolved, however, to ascertain at the first  
favorable opportunity which might present  
itself, and satisfy myself beyond a doubt.

On taking my seat at the breakfast-table  
the next morning, I placed myself opposite  
the ladies, and was revolving in my mind the  
incident of the previous evening, when the  
youngest of the two passed her plate, and  
begged me to favor her with the preserves  
near me.

"Certainly, ma'am," said I, as she thought  
sprang into my mind that she might be the  
lady in question, I added, "Will you take  
them spoon fashion?"

Eureka! what an explosion! The lady's  
face instantly assumed the hue of the crim-  
son dahlia, while her companion seemed as  
cold and passionless as I could desire. I  
was satisfied that she had kept her own  
counsel. I scraped an acquaintance, fell  
deeply in love, and when I reached home  
had the pleasure of presenting to the old  
folks my estimable lady, the present Mrs.  
Maddock.

## Nobody Takes Notice to Me.

The Springfield Republican has the fol-  
lowing merited rebuke for the particu-  
lar benefit of a class of persons, who, when  
they move into a neighborhood where they  
are strangers, seem to expect those about  
them to take special pains to form their ac-  
quaintance, while they themselves make no  
effort whatever to get "into society."

"They come into town, hire a house, and  
commence their business. Then begins a  
process of waiting. They are mum, show  
themselves to nobody, seek the acquaintance  
of nobody; and, month after month, while  
hiding themselves in their houses, and mak-  
ing not the slightest overtures to observa-  
tion, wonder people do not call upon them,  
or invite them, or notice them. Then they  
begin to think the place is an awful place—  
no society—no getting into society—wish  
they had never come. The minister, to  
whom they have never made themselves  
known, has never noticed them. Occupants  
of adjacent pews look coldly on them. They  
shun the Sabbath school, and the confer-  
ence meeting, the sewing circle, and the  
picnic, and absolutely refuse to meet soci-  
ety in any form, half way. Now the fact is,  
that people who operate in this way, are  
not fit for society, as a general thing. They  
do not know what society is. They do not  
apprehend the fact that society has just as  
many claims on them as they have on soci-  
ety. They refuse to make that self-asser-  
tion which would make recognition even po-  
lite. A man with manly feelings, or a wo-  
man with proper feminine delicacy, should  
feel humiliated by being benevolently sought  
out and brought into society as a favor to  
him or her—as if he or she were not quite as  
important to society as society is to them!"

TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE.—Married life  
has its trials and its sorrows. Tempers may  
prove incompatible, and call for forbear-  
ance. Fortune may be chary of its favors,  
and enforce self-denial. Children may be  
ungrateful, and sting the poor heart that has  
pitted them. Diseases may come, and  
haunt a household for years. But ask the  
poor man, struggling along with his debts  
and the weary woman, tolling early and  
late, accomplishing the ruin of all her beau-  
ty and her buoyancy, if they would be plac-  
ed apart, could competence be given them,  
and all their trials be brought to an end.  
The answer would be, "There is something  
sweeter in this companionship of suffering,  
than anything the world can offer from its  
storehouse of joys outside of it, and some-  
thing which would make even severer trials  
than ours only iron bands to draw us more  
firmly together."—Springfield Republican.

PLEASURES OF THE WEALTHY.—In the  
latter part of the last century, there flour-  
ished in Paris a very wealthy banker named  
Nicholas Beaujon. By his liberality, church-  
es and hospitals were endowed and estab-  
lished, some of which even at this day bear  
his name. He was also at one time the own-  
er of the celebrated Elysee-Bourbon, long  
the residence of princes and persons of note  
which he enlarged and embellished, and  
which subsequently became a royal palace.  
The fame of his magnificence was such, that  
an Englishman, jealous of his reputation,  
was determined to satisfy himself of the fact.  
He called at the banker's residence, and  
was shown into the dining room, the table  
was covered with tempting dishes.

"Your master lives well, at all events,"  
said the sceptical son of Albion.

"Alas! sir," the attendant replied, "my  
master never sits down to the table; he par-  
takes of only one dish of vegetable."

"Well! he has wherewithal to gratify his  
eyes," continued the visitor, as he looked up  
at the pictures.

"Alas! sir, my master is nearly blind."

"I suppose," muttered the astounded Eng-  
lishman, as he passed into another room, "he  
comforts himself by listening to beautiful  
music."

"Alas! sir, my master has never heard  
that which is played here; he goes to bed  
early in the hopes of getting a few moments'  
repose."

"Well! but your master, at all events, en-  
joys the pleasure of a walk."

"Alas! sir, he can no longer walk."

So from question to question, and alas to  
alas, the Englishman found that the mil-  
lionaire Beaujon was the most miserable of  
men.

☞ An idle head is Satan's work-shop.

## Think Gently of the Erring.

Think gently of the erring!  
Ye know not of the power  
With which the dark temptation came  
In some unguarded hour.  
Ye may not know how earnestly  
They struggled, or how well,  
Until the hour of darkness came,  
And darkly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring!  
Oh, do not once forget,  
However deeply stained by sin,  
He is thy brother yet—  
Heir of the self-same heritage,  
Child of the self-same God!  
He has but stumbled in the path  
Thou hast but feebly trod.

Speak gently to the erring!  
For is it not enough  
That innocence and grace are gone,  
Without thy censure rough?  
It were must be a weary lot  
That sin-crushed heart to bear,  
And they who share a happier fate  
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!  
Thou yet may'st lead them back,  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.  
Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet may be.  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God hath dealt with thee!

## About Girls' Names.

If you are a very precise man, and want  
to be certain of what you get, never marry  
a girl named Ann; we have the authority of  
Lindsey Murray and others that "an is an  
indefinite article."

If you would like to have a wife who is  
"one of a thousand," you marry an Emily  
or Emma, for any printer can tell "ems are  
counted by the thousands."

If you do not wish to have a bustling fly-  
about wife, you should not marry one named  
Jenny; for every cotton-spinner knows that  
jennies are always on the go.

If you want to marry Belle, it is not neces-  
sary that you should be a sexton, just be-  
cause you have to ring her at the altar.

If you marry one named Margaret, you  
may fear for the manner that she will end  
her days, for all the world knows that Pegs  
were made for hanging.

If you wish success in life as a porter, you  
should marry Caroline, and treat her very  
kindly, (that I will—Tyro,) for so long as  
you continue to do this, you will be good to  
Carry.

☞ Upon the occasion of the French  
Emperor's visit to Queen Victoria two or  
three years ago, she fastened a garter  
around his leg with her own royal hand.  
Neither the French nor the English papers  
state whether the gallant Emperor returned  
the compliment upon the occasion of her  
majesty's late visit to his empire.—Louis-  
ville Journal.

☞ "Hallo, driver, your wheel is run-  
ning round," sang out an urchin to a car  
driver, who was driving furiously through  
the street, the other day. Carty pulled up  
and looked at anxiously, first on one side and  
then on the other. "You needn't look now,  
it's stopped!" coolly added the provoking  
little rascal.

☞ Different nations have different kinds  
of loafers. The Italian spends his time in  
sleeping—the Turkish loafer in dreaming—  
the Spanish praying—the French in laugh-  
ing—English in swearing—the Russian in  
gambling—the Hungarian in smoking—the  
German in drinking, and the American in  
talking politics.

☞ The Elkhart Times says that Beriah  
Brown, the Democratic candidate for Con-  
gress in the First District of Wisconsin, was  
once a jour printer in the office of the editor,  
Dr. Ellis, when he owned the Goshen Dem-  
ocrat.

☞ "People may say what they will  
about the country air being good for 'em,"  
said Mrs. Partington, "and how they grow  
fat upon it; for my part, I shall always think  
it's owing to the vitals."

☞ "Mr. Jones, don't you think that mar-  
riage is a means of grace?" "Certainly;  
anything is a means of grace that breaks up  
pride and leads to repentance." Scene  
closes with a broom-handle.

☞ "A LOVE OF A BONNET."—A young lady,  
of our acquaintance, on being asked if she  
intended to wear her new bonnet to church,  
said that she did not intend to wear any-  
thing else.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Geese and Goslings and their Manage-  
ment.

Geese set four weeks, the goslings  
breaking the shell on the 28th, 29th,  
and 30th days. They should remain  
on the nest as long as they like, and  
require but little food for two or three  
days. Crusts of bread soaked in milk,  
is better food than Indian meal—the  
latter seeming to sour in their crops.  
If the wheather is pleasant they may  
go to pasture, but it is generally ne-  
cessary to keep them separate from  
other geese at first, as the ganders are  
apt to weary them by excessive atten-  
tion. A good pond furnishes the best  
water, but it is not a necessity in rear-  
ing geese. A shallow vessel frequent-  
ly supplied with fresh water, should  
be provided for the goslings at times,  
though they are better off shut away  
from it some portion of the day. Too  
much dabbling in water injures them.

It is important to have a good, warm  
dry shelter for the young geese, espe-  
cially while the cool nights continue,  
and until they become pretty fully  
feathered. There they should remain  
on cold and wet days, and until the  
dew is well off in the morning. Feed  
them frequently with handfuls of fresh  
clover, and supply water while thus  
confined. See also that their pen is  
frequently cleaned and littered. Some-  
times goslings will die though treated  
carefully and according to the usually  
successful methods. This often occurs  
we believe, from their eating some  
poisonous plant, though none such  
may be known to be within their reach.  
Perhaps half the flock will die, one  
after another, when no one can account  
for the same.

Grown up geese are generally hardy,  
and active in their search for food.—  
They are less likely to be mischievous  
and wandering when fed with corn  
each morning; and this should always  
be attended to if we desire them to be  
thriving and profitable. The great ob-  
ject of keeping geese is their feathers,  
although they are nearly as good for  
the table as other poultry, if fattened  
and killed at the right age, and pre-  
pared in the proper manner. In pick-  
ing them alive, the proper time should  
be selected, and that is when the feath-  
ers are ripe, and not in the green  
or the pin-feather stage. The feath-  
ers grow out and ripen every seven or  
eight weeks during the summer, and  
should then be removed in a neat and  
careful manner. To cure them, place  
them in a sack of thin cloth, and hang  
them in an airy place, shaking up and  
stirring frequently. In this way they  
become thoroughly dry in a few weeks,  
without any disagreeable scent, and  
will keep good in any dry place until  
worn out by use.—Country Gent.

☞ A writer in the Genesee Far-  
mer says that he has tried the culti-  
vation of wheat in hills like corn, hav-  
ing the hills two feet apart each way,  
and two or three plants to the hill.  
And he reports obtaining from a small  
plot of ground a crop as large as to be  
equal to two hundred bushels to the  
acre. The soil is kept stirred and  
cultivated, as during the growth of the  
corn.

TO THE LOVERS OF GOOD POTATOES.  
—Plow up the ground the first week  
in November—plow very deep and  
fill each furrow with long manure.  
Then plant your seed potatoes and  
cover them deep. By pursuing the  
course here marked out, you will have  
potatoes six weeks earlier than those  
that are planted in the Spring.

The above was handed us by a cor-  
respondent who vouches for its accu-  
racy. It is an item worth knowing.  
Being fond of early potatoes, we ad-  
vise our farmers to "pitch in" and  
make a crop.—Paducah Herald.